THE
MOCK DOCTOR:
OR,
The DUMB LADY Cur'd.
A
COMEDY.
Done from MOLIERE.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

A NEW EDITION.
With Additional SONGS and Alterations.

~~From Le Medecin Malgre lui~~
of Moliere

By Henry Fielding Esq^r

LONDON:
Printed for T. CASLON, T. LOWNDES, T. DAVIES, WILSON and NICHOLL, T. BECKET, G. KEARSLEY, W. GRIFFIN, S. BLADON, T. CADELL, and W. WOODFALL.
M.DCC.LXXI.
[Price One Shilling.]

TO

Dr. JOHN MISAUBIN.

SIR,

WERE I not well aſſur'd of Your great Candour, the Opinion I have of Your nice Judgment and refined Taſte might give me terrible Apprehenſions, while I am preſenting You a Piece, wherein, I fear, much Injuſtice is done to an Author, whoſe Beauties you can ſo exquiſitely reliſh in the Original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate Compliment to a Lady, than by dedicating to her the Sixth Satire of *Juvenal*. Such an Addreſs muſt naturally ſuppoſe her free from all the Vices and Follies there inveighed againſt. Permit me therefore, Sir, to prefix to a Farce, wherein *Quacks* are ſo ſeverely expos'd, the Name of One who will be remember'd as an Honour to his Profeſſion, while there is a ſingle Practitioner in Town, at whoſe Door there is a Lamp in an Evening.

I ſhall not here proceed in the common Road of Dedications, to ſum up the many great Talents with which Nature has enrich'd You: I ſhall not here, as I might, enlarge on Excellencies ſo well known to the World; nor ſhall I mention here that Politeneſs, which appears equal with your Wit in your Converſation, and has made You the Deſire of the Great, and the Envy of the whole Profeſſion; that generous Elegance with which You treat your Friends and Patients, inſomuch that the latter are often

Gainers by their Diſtempers, and drink you out more in Wine, than they pay you for Phyſic. I ſhall not, I ſay, mention theſe: But I cannot, without the greateſt Violence to myſelf, paſs by that *Little Pill* which has render'd You ſo great a Bleſſing to Mankind; that *Pill* which is the Oppoſite to *Pandora's Box*, and has done more real Good in the World than the Poets feign the other to have done Evil. Forgive me, Sir, if I am not able to contain myſelf while I am talking of this invaluable Remedy, to which ſo many owe their Health, their Pleaſure, nay the very Preſervation of their Being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the Brethren of your Faculty againſt You: that has made 'em repreſent one of the greateſt Men of this Age, as an illiterate Empirick, for which weak Effort of their Malice You have continually had a very laudable and juſt Contempt.

Were I not apprehenſive of offending your Ears that are ſo averſe to Flattery, I might here mention your great Skill in Divinity, Philoſophy, *&c.* almoſt equal to your Knowledge in Phyſic. But this the World will, I hope, be ſoon acquainted with, by your being prevail'd on to publiſh ſome of thoſe excellent Treatiſes which your leiſure Hours have produc'd, and which may, perhaps, be almoſt as ſerviceable to Mankind as the Labours of our moſt celebrated Divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wiſhing, that you may meet with the Reward you merit; that the Gratitude of ſome of your Patients may, in return for the lengthening of their Lives, contribute to immortalize your Reputation; that I may ſee a Statue erected to your Memory, with that Serpent of *Æſculapius* in your Hand, which you ſo deſervedly bear in your Arms, is the ſincere Wiſh of,

SIR, Your moſt obedient,
moſt humble Servant.

THE PREFACE.

LE *Medecin malgré Lui* of *Moliere* hath heen always eſteemed in *France* the beſt of that Author's Humourous Pieces. *Miſanthrope*, to which it was firſt added, owed to it chiefly its Succeſs. That excellent Play was of too grave a Kind to hit the Genius of the *French* Nation, on which account the Author, in a very few Days, produced this Farce, which being added to the *Miſanthrope*, gave it one of the greateſt Runs that any Play ever met with on that Stage.

The *Engliſh* Theatre owes this Farce to an Accident not unlike that which gave it to the *French*. And I wiſh I had been as able to preſerve the Spirit of *Moliere*, as I have, in tranſlating it, fallen ſhort even of that very little Time he allowed himſelf in writing it: However, the Candour of its Audiences hath given me no Reaſon to repent or be aſhamed of my Undertaking, as perhaps when I have returned what is due to *Moliere*, and to the Performers, I ſhall have very little Cauſe of Triumph from it.

The Applauſe our *Mock-Doctor* received on the Theatre admits of no Addition from my Pen. I ſhall only congratulate the Town on the lively Hope they may entertain of having the Loſs, they are one Day to ſuffer in the Father, ſo well ſupply'd in the Son.

But I cannot, when I mention the riſing Glories of the Theatre, omit one, who, tho' ſhe owes little Advantage to the Part of *Dorcas*, hath already convinced the beſt Judges of her admirable Genius for the Stage: She hath ſufficiently ſhewn in the *Old Debauchees*, that her Capacity is not confined to a Song, and I dare ſwear they will ſhortly own Her able to do Juſtice to Characters of a much greater Conſequence.

One Pleaſure I enjoy from the Succeſs of this Piece, is a Proſpect of tranſplanting ſucceſsfully ſome others of *Moliere* of great Value. How I have done this, any *Engliſh* Reader may be ſatisfy'd by examining an exact literal Tranſlation of the *Medecin malgré Lui*, which is the Second in the Second Volume of *Select Comedies of Moliere*, publiſhed by *John Watts*.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Jaſper,	Mr. *Shepherd.*
Leander,	Mr. *Stopelaer.*
Gregory,	Mr. *Cibber*, Jun.
Robert,	Mr. *Jones.*
James,	Mr. *Mullart.*
Harry,	Mr. *Roberts.*
Davy,	Mr. *Jones.*
Hellebor,	Mr. *Roberts.*

WOMEN.

Dorcas,	Miſs. *Raſtor.*
Charlotte,	Miſs. *Williams.*
Maid,	Mrs. *Mears.*

SCENE, *Partly in a Country-Town, and partly in a Wood.*

A TABLE of the SONGS.

AIR 1.	*When a Lady, like me, condeſcends to agree.*	Page 2
2.	*Go thraſh your own Rib, Sir, at home.*	p. 4
3.	*In ancient Days I've heard, with Horns.*	p. 6
4.	*A Woman's Ware, like China.*	p. 12
5.	*O curſed Power of Gold.*	p. 19
6.	*A Fig for the dainty civil Spouſe.*	p. 22
7.	*Thus, lovely Patient,* Charlotte *ſees.*	p. 27
8.	*If you hope by your Skill.*	p. 31
9.	*When tender young Virgins look pale and complain.*	p. 33

THE

THE MOCK DOCTOR: OR, The DUMB LADY Cur'd.

SCENE I. A WOOD.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY,

I TELL you No, I won't comply, and it is my Buſineſs to talk, and to command.

Dorc. And I tell you, you ſhall conform to my Will; and that I was not marry'd to you to ſuffer your Ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable Fatigue of Matrimony! *Ariſtotle* never ſaid a better thing in his Life, than when he told us, *That a Wife is worſe than a Devil.*

Dorc. Hear the learned Gentleman with his *Ariſtotle.*

Greg. And a learned Man I am too; find me out a Maker of Fagot's, that's able, like myſelf, to reaſon upon Things, or that can boaſt ſuch an Education as mine.

Dorc. An Education!

Greg. Ay, Huſſy, a regular Education; firſt at the Charity-School, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a Gentleman at *Oxford*, where I learnt—very near as much as my Maſter; from whence I attended a travelling Phyſician ſix Years, under the facetious Denomination of a *Merry Andrew*, where I learnt Phyſick.

Dorc. O that thou hadſt follow'd him ſtill! Curs'd be the Hour wherein I anſwer'd the Parſon, *I will.*

Greg. And curs'd be the Parſon that aſk'd me the Queſtion!

Dorc. You have reaſon to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your Knees every Moment returning Thanks to Heaven for that great Bleſſing it ſent you, when it ſent you Myſelf. ——I hope you have not the Aſſurance to think you deſerv'd ſuch a Wife as me.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

AIR I. *Beſſy Bell.*

Dorc. *When a Lady, like me, condeſcends to agree,*
To let ſuch a Jackanapes taſte her,
With what Zeal and Care ſhould he worſhip the Fair,
Who gives him—what's Meat for his Maſter? His

His Actions ſhould ſtill
Attend on her Will,
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning;
To her he ſhould be
Each Night on his Knee,
And ſo he ſhould be on each Morning.

Greg. Meat for my Maſter! you were Meat for your Maſter, if I an't miſtaken; for, to one of our Shames be it ſpoken, you roſe as good a Virgin from me as you went to Bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky Day for you, when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed! a Fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a Miſtake, for I drink ſome part on't

Dorc. That has not even left me a Bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll riſe the earlier.

Dorc. And who from Morning 'till Night is eternally in an Alehouſe.

Greg. It's genteel, the Squire does the ſame.

Dorc. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I ſhall do with my Family?

Greg. Whatever you pleaſe.

Dorc. My four little Children that are continually crying for Bread.

Greg. Give 'em a Rod! beſt Cure in the World for crying Children.

Dorc. And do you imagine, Sot ———

Greg. Hark ye, my Dear, you know my Temper is not over and above paſſive, and that my Arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your Threats, poor beggarly inſolent Fellow.

Greg. Soft Object of my wiſhing Eyes, I ſhall play with your pretty Ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you inſolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, raſcally———

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. [*Beats her.*

Dorc. O Murder! Murder!

SCENE II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, *Squire* ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here? Fy upon you! Fy upon you, Neighbour, to beat your Wife in this ſcandalous manner.

Dorc. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, Madam! I give my Conſent with all my Heart and Soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, Saucebox? Is it any Buſineſs of yours?

Rob. No certainly, Madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent Fellow for you, won't ſuffer a Huſband to beat his own Wife!

AIR II. *Wincheſter* Wedding.

Go thraſh your own Rib, Sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our Strife;
May Cuckoldom ſtill be his Doom,
Who ſtrives to part Huſband and Wife.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe I've a mind he ſhould drub,
Whoſe Bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whoſe Expence is it, you Scrub?
You are not to find him a Stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I aſk your Pardon heartily; here, take and thraſh your Wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I pleaſe, and will not beat her when I do not pleaſe. She is my Wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the Stick, dear Huſband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part Huſband and Wife again, may I be beaten myſelf.

SCENE III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my Dear, let us be Friends.

Dorc. What after beating me ſo!

Greg. 'Twas but in Jeſt.

Dorc. I deſire you will crack your Jeſts on your own Bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pſha! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one Half of myſelf when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes, but for the future I deſire you will beat the other Half of yourſelf.

Greg. Come, my pretty Dear, I aſk Pardon, I'm ſorry for't.

Dorc. For once, I pardon you — but you ſhall pay for it.

Greg. Pſha! Pſha! Child, theſe are only little Affairs, neceſſary in Friendſhip; four or five good Blows with a Cudgel between your very fond Couples, only tend to heighten the Affections. I'll now to the Wood, and I promiſe thee to make a hundred Fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not reveng'd on thoſe Blows of yours!—Oh, that I could but think of ſome Method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the Rogue, he's quite inſenſible of Cuckoldom.

AIR III. Oh *London* is a fine Town.

In ancient Days, I've heard, with Horns
The Wife her Spouſe could fright,
Which now the Hero bravely ſcorns,
So common is the Sight.

To City, Country, Camp, or Court,
Or whereſoe'er he go,
No horned Brother dares make Sport,
They're Cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out ſome Invention to get him well drubb'd!

SCENE IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Harry. Were ever two Fools ſent on ſuch a Meſſage as we are, in queſt of a dumb Doctor?

James. Blame your own curſed Memory that made you forget his Name. For my part, I'll travel thro' the World rather than return without him; that were as much as a Limb or two were worth.

Harry. Was ever ſuch a curſed Misfortune! to loſe the Letter? I ſhould not even know his Name if I were to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no Invention to be reveng'd?—Heyday! who are theſe?

James. Harkye, Miſtreſs, do you know where—where—— where Doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

Dorc. Doctor who?

James. Doctor —— Doctor ——— what's his Name?

Dorc. Hey! what, has the Fellow a mind to banter me?

Harry. Is there no Phyſician hereabouts famous for curing Dumbneſs?

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of ſuch a Phyſician, Mr. Impertinence.

Harry. Don't miſtake us, good Woman, we don't mean to banter you, we are ſent by our Maſter, whoſe Daughter has loſt her Speech, for a certain Phyſician who lives hereabouts; we have loſt our Direction, and 'tis as much as our Lives are worth to return without him.

Dorc. There is one Doctor *Lazy* lives juſt by, but he has left off practiſing. You would not get him a Mile, to ſave the Lives of a thouſand Patients.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, tho' we carry him on our Backs.

Dorc. Ha! Heaven has inſpir'd me with one of the moſt admirable Inventions to be reveng'd on my Hangdog! [*Aſide.*] I aſſure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young Lady's Buſineſs for her; he's reckon'd one of the beſt Phyſicians in the World, eſpecially for Dumbneſs.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own Houſe; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuſes himſelf here with cutting Wood.

Harry. A Phyſician cut Wood.

James. I ſuppoſe he amuſes himſelf in ſearching after Herbs you mean.

Dorc. No, he's one of the moſt extraordinary Men in the World: He goes dreſt like a common Clown; for there is nothing he ſo much dreads, as to be known for a Phyſician.

James. All your great Men have ſome ſtrange Oddities about 'em

Dorc. Why he will ſuffer himſelf to be beat, before he will own himſelf to be a Phyſician — and I'll give you my Word, you'll

you'll never make him own himſelf one, unleſs you both of you take a good Cudgel, and thraſh him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous Whim is here!

Dorc. Very true; and in ſo great a Man.

James. And is he ſo very ſkilful a Man?

Dorc. Skilful? why he does Miracles. About half a Year ago, a Woman was given over by all her Phyſicians, nay, ſhe had been dead ſome time; when this great Man came to her, as ſoon as he ſaw her, he pour'd a little Drop of ſomething down her Throat——he had no ſooner done it, than ſhe got out of her Bed, and walk'd about the Room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious!

Dorc. 'Tis not above three Weeks ago, that a Child of Twelve Years old fell from the Top of a Houſe to the Bottom, and broke its Scull, its Arms, and Legs.—Our Phyſician was no ſooner drubb'd into making him a Viſit, than having rubb'd the Child all over with a certain Ointment, it got upon its Legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh moſt wonderful!

Harry. Hey! Gad, *James*, we'll drub him out of a Pot of this Ointment.

James. But can he cure Dumbneſs?

Dorc. Dumbneſs! Why the Curate of our Pariſh's Wife was born dumb, and the Doctor, with a ſort of Waſh, waſhed her Tongue 'till he ſet it a going ſo that in leſs than a Month's time ſhe out-talk'd her Huſband.

Harry. This muſt be the very Man we were ſent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very Man I ſpeak of.

James. What, that he yonder?

Dorc. The very ſame.——He has ſpy'd us and taken up his Bill.

James. Come, *Harry*, don't let us loſe one Moment.——Miſtreſs, your Servant; we give you ten thouſand Thanks for this Favour.

Dorc. Be ſure and make good uſe of your Sticks.

James. He ſhan't want that.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't! 'tis moſt confounded hot Weather. Hey! who have we here?

James. Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant. ——

Greg. Sir, your Servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here. ——

Greg. Ay, like enough. ——

James. 'Tis in your Power, Sir, to do us a very great Favour.—We come, Sir, to implore your Aſſiſtance in a certain Affair.

Greg. If it be in my Power to give you any Aſſiſtance, Maſters, I am very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are etxremely obliging—But, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd, the Sun will hurt your Complexion.

Harry. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. Theſe ſhould be Footmen, by their Dreſs, but ſhould be Courtiers by their Ceremony. [*Aſide.*

James. You muſt not think it ſtrange, Sir, that we come thus to ſeek after you; Men of your Capacity will be ſought after by the whole World.

Greg. Truly, Gentlemen, tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, I have a pretty good Hand at a Fagot.

James. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy Fagots cheaper otherwhere; but if you find ſuch in all this Country, you ſhall have mine for nothing. To make but one Word then with you, you ſhall have mine for ten Shillings a Hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I deſire you.

Greg. I could not ſell 'em a Penny cheaper, if 'twas to my Father.

James. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jeſt with us in this manner.

Greg.

Greg. Faith, Maſter, I am ſo much in earneſt, that I can't bate one Farthing.

James. O pray, Sir, leave this idle Diſcourſe.—Can a Perſon, like you, amuſe himſelf in this manner? Can a learned and famous Phyſician, like you, try to diſguiſe himſelf to the World, and bury ſuch fine Talents in the Woods?

Greg. The Fellow's a Fool.

James. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to diſſemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great Phyſician.

Greg. Phyſician in your Teeth! I a Phyſician!

James. The Fit is on him. ——— Sir, let me beſeech you to conceal yourſelf no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no Phyſician.

James. We muſt proceed to the uſual Remedy, I find.—And ſo you are no Phyſician.

Greg. No.

James. You are no Phyſician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we muſt, we muſt. [*Beat him.*

Greg. Oh! Oh! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! what are you doing? I am———I am———whatever you pleaſe to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this Violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troubleſome Remedy?

James. I aſſure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of Pain.

Greg. I aſſure you, Sir, and ſo it does me. But pray, Gentlemen, what is the Reaſon that you have a mind to make a Phyſician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a Phyſician again?

Greg. And the Devil take me, if I am.

Harry. You are no Phyſician?

Greg. May I be pox'd, if I am. [*They beat him.*] Oh!—Oh!——Dear Gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's ſake; I am a Phyſician

Phyſician, and an Apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the Head.

James. Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to ſee you come to your Senſes; I aſk Pardon ten thouſand times for what you have forc'd us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myſelf, and am a Phyſician without knowing it. But, dear Gentlemen, are you certain I'm a Phyſician?

James. Yes, the greateſt Phyſician in the World.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A Phyſician that has cur'd all ſorts of Diſtempers.

Greg. The Devil I have!

James. That has made a Woman walk about the Room after ſhe was dead ſix Hours.

Harry. That ſet a Child upon its Legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

James. That made the Curate's Wife, who was dumb, talk faſter than her Huſband.

Harry. Look ye, Sir, you ſhall have content; my Maſter will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a Phyſician, without doubt — I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myſelf. —Well—and what is the Diſtemper I am to cure?

James. My young Miſtreſs, Sir, has loſt her Tongue.

Greg. The Devil take me if I have found it. — But, come, Gentlemen, if I muſt go with you, I muſt have a Phyſician's Habit, for a Phyſician can no more preſcribe without a full Wig, than without a Fee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

DORCAS.

Dorc. I don't remember my Heart has gone ſo pit-a-pat with Joy a long while. —— Revenge is ſurely the moſt delicious Morſel the Devil ever dropt into the Mouth of a Woman.

And this is a Revenge which coſts nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant Horns upon a Huſband's Head is more dangerous than is imagin'd:—Odd! I had a narrow Eſcape when I met with this Fool, the beſt of my Market was over, and I began to grow almoſt as cheap as a crack'd China Cup.

AIR IV. Pinks and Lilies.

A Woman's Ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, tho' worth a Guinea,
When broke's not worth a Groat.

A Woman at St. James's,
With Hundreds you obtain;
But ſtay 'till loſt her Fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

SCENE VII. *Sir* Jaſper's *Houſe.*

Sir JASPER, *and* JAMES.

Sir Jaſp. Where is he? Where is he?

James. Only recruiting himſelf after his Journey. You need not be impatient, Sir, for were my young Lady dead, he'd bring her to Life again.—He makes no more of bringing a Patient to Life, than other Phyſicians do of killing him.

Sir Jaſp. 'Tis ſtrange ſo great a Man ſhould have thoſe unaccountable odd Humours you mention'd.

James. 'Tis but a good Blow or two, and he comes immediately to himſelf.———Here he is.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Sir JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

Harry. Sir, this is the Doctor.

Sir Jaſp. Dear Sir, you're the welcom'ſt Man in the World.

Greg. *Hippocrates* ſays, we ſhould both be cover'd.

Sir Jaſp. Ha! does *Hippocrates* ſay ſo? In what Chapter pray?

Greg. In his Chapter of Hats.

Sir Jaſp. Since *Hippocrates* ſays ſo, I ſhall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the Highway of Letters ——

Sir Jaſp. Doctor! Pray whom do you ſpeak to?

Greg. To you, Doctor.

Sir Jaſp. Ha, ha! —— I am a Knight, thank the King's Grace for it; but no Doctor.

Greg. What, you're no Doctor?

Sir Jaſp. No, upon my Word.

Greg. You're no Doctor?

Sir Jaſp. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. [*Beats him.*

Sir Jaſp. Done, in the Devil's Name! What's done?

Greg. Why now you are made a Doctor of Phyſick—I am ſure it's all the Degrees I ever took.

Sir Jaſp. What Devil of a Fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, Sir, the Doctor had ſtrange Whims with him.

Sir Jaſp. Whims, quotha! ——Egad, I ſhall bind his Phyſicianſhip over to his good Behaviour, if he has any more of theſe Whims.

Greg. Sir, I aſk Pardon for the Liberty I have taken.

Sir Jaſp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am ſorry for thoſe Blows.

Sir Jaſp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the Honour of laying on ſo thick upon you.

Sir Jaſp. Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir——My Daughter, Doctor, is fallen into a very ſtrange Diſtemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: and I wiſh with all my Heart, you and your whole Family had the ſame Occaſion for me, as your Daughter, to ſhew the great Deſire I have to ſerve you.

Sir Jaſp. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I aſſure you, Sir, I ſpeak from the very bottom of my Soul.

Sir Jaſp. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your Daughter's Name?

Sir Jaſp. My Daughter's Name is *Charlot.*

Greg. Are you ſure ſhe was chriſten'd *Charlot?*

Sir Jaſp. No, Sir, ſhe was chriſten'd *Charlotta.*

Greg. Hum! I had rather ſhe ſhould have been chriſten'd *Charlotte.* *Charlotte* is a very good Name for a Patient; and let me tell you, the Name is often of as much Service to the Patient, as the Phyſician is.

SCENE IX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOTTE, MAID.

Sir Jaſp. Sir, my Daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my Patient? Upon my Word ſhe carries no Diſtemper in her Countenance—and I fancy a healthy young Fellow would ſit very well upon her.

Sir Jaſp. You make her ſmile, Doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good Sign when we can bring a Patient to ſmile; it is a Sign that the Diſtemper begins to clarify, as we ſay.—Well, Child, what's the matter with you? What's your Diſtemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you ſay?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?——

Charl,

Charl. Han, hi, hon———

Greg. Han! Hon! Honin ha!——I don't underſtand a Word ſhe ſays. Han! Hi! Hon! What the Devil of a Language is this?

Sir Jaſp. Why, that's her Diſtemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can aſſign the Cauſe—and this Diſtemper, Sir, has kept back her Marriage.

Greg. Kept back her Marriage! Why ſo?

Sir Jaſp. Becauſe her Lover refuſes to have her 'till ſhe's cur'd.

Greg. O Lud! was ever ſuch a Fool, that wou'd not have his Wife dumb!——Would to Heaven my Wife was dumb, I'd be far from deſiring to cure her.—Does this Diſtemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppreſs her very much?

Sir Jaſp. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has ſhe any great Pains?

Sir Jaſp. Very great.

Greg. That's juſt as I would have it. Give me your Hand, Child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb Pulſe indeed.

Sir Jaſp. You have gueſs'd her Diſtemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great Phyſicians know a Diſtemper immediately: I know ſome of the College would call this the *Boree*, or the *Coupee*, or the *Sinkee*, or twenty other Diſtempers; but I give you my Word, Sir, your Daughter is nothing more than dumb——So I'd have you be very eaſy, for there is nothing elſe the matter with her———If ſhe were not dumb, ſhe would be as well as I am.

Sir Jaſp. But I ſhould be glad to know, Doctor, from whence her Dumbneſs proceeds?

Greg. Nothing ſo eaſily accounted for.——Her Dumbneſs proceeds from her having loſt her Speech.

Sir Jaſp. But whence, if you pleaſe, proceeds her having loſt her Speech?

Greg. All our beſt Authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the Action of the Tongue.

Sir Jaſp. But if you pleaſe, dear, Sir, your Sentiments upon that Impediment.

Greg.

Greg. *Ariſtotle* has upon that Subject ſaid very fine Things; very fine Things.

Sir Jaſp. I believe it, Doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great Man, he was indeed a very great Man.——A Man, who upon that Subject was a Man that—But to return to our Reaſoning: I hold that this Impediment of the Action of the Tongue is cauſed by certain Humours which our great Phyſicians call———Humours——Humours——Ah! you underſtand *Latin*——

Sir Jaſp. Not in the leaſt.

Greg. What, not underſtand *Latin?*

Sir Jaſp. No indeed, Doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thuram Cathalimus, Singulariter Nom. Hæc muſa hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc Muſæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Eſtne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Subſtantivo & Adjectivum concordat in Generi Numerum & Caſus, ſic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & ſimilibus.

Sir Jaſp. Ah! Why did I neglect my Studies.

Harry. What a prodigious Man is this!

Greg. Beſides, Sir, certain Spirits paſſing from the left Side, which is the Seat of the Liver, to the right, which is the Seat of the Heart, we find the Lungs, which we call in *Latin*, *Whiſkerus*, having Communication with the Brain, which we name in *Greek*, *Jackbootos*, by means of a hollow Vein, which we call in *Hebrew*, *Periwiggus*, meet in the Road with the ſaid Spirits, which fill the Ventricles of the *Omotaplaſmus*, and becauſe the ſaid Humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? And becauſe the ſaid Humours have a certain Malignity——liſten ſeriouſly, I beg you.

Sir Jaſp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain Malignity that is cauſed—be attentive, if you pleaſe.

Sir Jaſp. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I ſay, by the Acrimony of the Humours engender'd in the Concavity of the Diaphragm; thence it arrives, that theſe Vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, maſcula dicas, Ut ſunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, Sir, is the Cauſe of your Daughter's being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his Tongue!

Sir Jaſp. It is impoſſible to reaſon better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one Thing.——I always thought 'till now, that the Heart was on the left Side, and the Liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, ſo they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that.——The College at preſent, Sir, proceeds upon an intire new Method.

Sir Jaſp. I aſk your Pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no Harm——you're not oblig'd to know ſo much as we do.

Sir Jaſp. Very true; but, Doctor, what would you have done with my Daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my Advice is, that you immediately put her into a Bed warm'd with a Braſs Warming-Pan: Cauſe her to drink one Quart of Spring-Water, mix'd with one Pint of Brandy, ſix *Seville* Oranges, and three Ounces of the beſt Double-refin'd Sugar.

Sir Jaſp. Why, this is Punch, Doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir;———and what's better than Punch, tom ake People talk?—Never tell me of your Juleps, your Gruels, your—your—This, and That, and T'other, which are only Arts to keep a Patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a Buſineſs all at once.

Sir Jaſp. Doctor, I aſk Pardon, you ſhall be obey'd.

[*Gives Money.*

Greg. I'll return in the Evening, and ſee what Effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young Lady here, that I muſt apply ſome little Remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my Life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worſe, Madam, ſo much the worſe——'Tis very dangerous to be very well——for when one is very well, one has nothing elſe to do, but to take Phyſick, and bleed away.

Sir Jaſp. Oh ſtrange! What, bleed, when one has no Diſtemper?

Greg. It may be ſtrange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholſome. Beſides,

Beſides, Madam, it is not your Caſe, at preſent, to be very well; at leaſt, you cannot poſſibly be well above three Days longer; and it is always beſt to cure a Diſtemper before you have it——or, as we ſay in *Greek*, *Diſtemprum beſtum eſt curare ante habeſtum.* — What I ſhall preſcribe you, at preſent, is to take every ſix Hours one of theſe Bolus's.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, theſe look exactly like Lumps of Loaf Sugar.

Greg. Take one of theſe Bolus's, I ſay, every ſix Hours, waſhing it down with ſix Spoonfuls of the beſt *Holland's Geneva.*

Sir Jaſp. Sure, you are in jeſt, Doctor!—This Wench does not ſhew any Symptom of a Diſtemper.

Greg. Sir Jaſper, let me tell you, it were not amiſs if you yourſelf took a little lenitive Phyſic; I ſhall prepare ſomething for you.

Sir Jaſp. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor, I have eſcaped both Doctors and Diſtempers hitherto, and I am reſolv'd the Diſtemper ſhall pay me the firſt Viſit.

Greg. Say you ſo, Sir? Why then if I can get no more Patients here, I muſt even ſeek 'em elſewhere, and ſo humbly *beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras.*

Sir Jaſp. Well, this is a Phyſician of vaſt Capacity, but of exceeding odd Humours.

SCENE X. The Street.

LEANDER *ſolus.*

Ah, *Charlotte!* thou haſt no reaſon to apprehend my Ignorance of what thou endureſt, ſince I can ſo eaſily gueſs thy Torment by my own.—Oh how much more juſtifiable are my Fears, when you have not only the Command of a Parent, but the Temptation of Fortune to allure you!

AIR

AIR V. Set by Mr. SEEDO.

O curſed Power of Gold,
For which all Honour's ſold,
And Honeſty's no more!
For thee we often find
The Great in Leagues combin'd
To trick and rob the Poor.

By thee the Fool and Knave,
Tranſcend the Wiſe and Brave,
So abſolute thy Reign:
Without ſome Help of thine,
The greateſt Beauties ſhine,
And Lovers plead in vain.

SCENE XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my Word, this is a good Beginning, and ſince ——

Lean. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your Aſſiſtance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of Aſſiſtance indeed! What a Pulſe is here! What do you out o' your Bed? [*Feels his Pulſe.*

Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're miſtaken; I am not ſick, I aſſure you.

Greg. How, Sir! not ſick! Do you think I don't know when a Man is ſick, better than he does himſelf?

Lean. Well, if I have any Diſtemper, it is the Love of that young Lady your Patient, from whom you juſt now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I ſwear, dear Doctor, I ſhall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a Pimp, Sir, a Phyſician for a Pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir! make no Noiſe.

Greg. Sir, I will make a Noiſe; you're an impertinent Fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Greg. I ſhall ſhew you, Sir, that I'm not ſuch a ſort of a Perſon, and that you are an inſolent, ſaucy———[Leander *gives a Purſe.*]——I'm not ſpeaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent Fellows in the World, that take People for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into ſuch a Paſſion, that——

Lean. I aſk Pardon, Sir, for the Liberty I have taken.

Greg. O dear, Sir! no Offence in the leaſt.——Pray, Sir, how am I to ſerve you?

Lean. This Diſtemper, Sir, which you are ſent for to cure, is feign'd. The Phyſicians have reaſon'd upon it, according to Cuſtom, and have derived it from the Brain, from the Bowels, from the Liver, Lungs, Lights, and every Part of the Body; but the true Cauſe of it is Love; and is an Invention of *Charlot*'s, to deliver her from a Match ſhe diſlikes.

Greg. Hum!—Suppoſe you were to diſguiſe yourſelf as an Apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her Father, therefore believe I may paſs upon him ſecurely.

Greg. Go then, diſguiſe yourſelf immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I ſee a Patient. [*Exit* Lean.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, *and* DAVY.

Greg. Gad! Matters go ſwimmingly. I'll even continue a Phyſician as long as I live.

James. [*Speaking to* Davy.] Fear not, if he relapſe into his Humours, I'll quickly thraſh him into the Phyſician again. Doctor, I have brought you a Patient.

Davy. My poor Wife, Doctor, has kept her Bed theſe ſix Months. [Greg. *holds out his Hand.*] If your Worſhip would find out ſome means to cure her———

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Davy. Why, ſhe has had ſeveral Phyſicians; one ſays 'tis the Dropſy; another 'tis the What-d'ye-call-it, the Tumpany; a third ſays 'tis a ſlow Fever; a fourth ſays the Rumatiz; a fifth—

Greg. What are the Symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, Sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does ſhe complain of?

Davy. Why, ſhe is always craving and craving for Drink, eats nothing at all. Then her Legs are ſwell'd up as big as a good handſome Poſt, and as cold they be as a Stone.

Greg. Come, to the Purpoſe; ſpeak to the Purpoſe, my Friend. [*Holding out his Hand.*

Davy. The Purpoſe is, Sir, that I am come to aſk what your Worſhip pleaſes to have done with her.

Greg. Pſhaw, Pſhaw, Pſhaw! I don't underſtand one Word what you mean.

James. His Wife is ſick, Doctor, and he has brought you a Guinea for your Advice. Give it the Doctor, Friend.

[Davy *gives the Guinea.*

Greg. Ay, now I underſtand you; here's a Gentleman explains the Caſe. You ſay your Wife is ſick of the Dropſy?

Davy. Yes, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Greg. Well, I have made a ſhift to comprehend your Meaning at laſt; you have the ſtrangeſt way of deſcribing a Diſtemper,

You ſay your Wife is always calling for Drink; let her have as much as ſhe deſires, ſhe can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of Cheeſe.

Davy. Cheeſe, Sir!

Greg. Ay, Cheeſe, Sir. The Cheeſe, of which this is a part, has cur'd more People of a Dropſy, than ever had it.

Davy. I give your Worſhip a thouſand Thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*

Greg. Go, and if ſhe dies, be ſure to bury her after the beſt manner you can.

SCENE XIII.

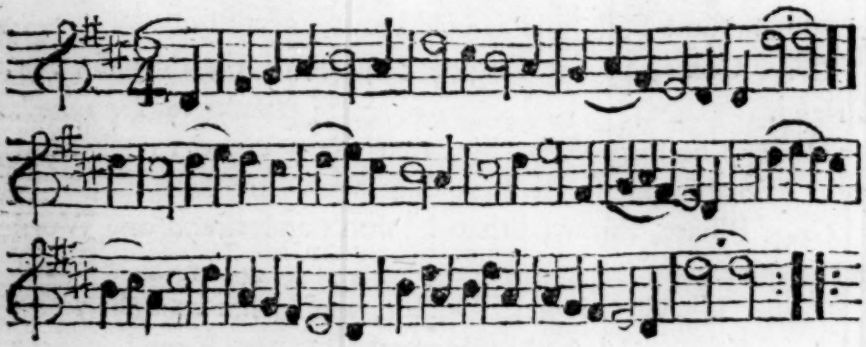
GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dorc. I'm like to pay ſeverely for my Frolick, if I have loſt my Huſband by it.

Greg. Oh Phyſick and Matrimony! my Wife!

Dorc. For tho' the Rogue uſed me a little roughly, he was as good a Workman as any in five Miles of his Head.

AIR VI. Thomas *I cannot.*



A Fig for the dainty civil Spouſe,
Who's bred at the Court, or France,
He treats his Wife with Smiles and Bows,
And minds not the good Main-Chance.
Be Gregory
The Man for me,
Tho' given to many a Maggot;

For

For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a Fagot, a Fagot,
None like him e'er handled a Fagot.

Greg. What evil Stars, in the Devil's Name, have ſent her hither? If I could but perſuade her to take a Pill or two that I'd give her, I ſhould be a Phyſician to ſome Purpoſe—Come hider, Shild, leta me feela your Pulſe.

Dorc. What have you to do with my Pulſe?

Greg. I am de *French* Phyſicion, my Dear, and I am to feel a de Pulſe of de Pation.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no Pation, Sir, nor want no Phyſicion, good Dr. *Ragou.*

Greg. Begar, you muſt be put-a to Bed, and taka de Peel; me ſal give you de litle Peel dat ſal cure you, as you have more Diſtempre den evere were hered off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the Fool? If you feel my Pulſe any more, I ſhall feel your Ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you muſt taka de Peel.

Dorc. Begar, I ſhall not taka de Peel.

Greg. I'll take this Opportunity to try her. [*Aſide.*]—Maye Dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you ſal cura me, you ſal be my Phyſicion, and I will give you de Fee. [*Holds out a Purſe.*

Dorc. Ay, my Stomach does not go againſt thoſe Pills; and what muſt I do for your Fee?

Greg. Oh begar! me vill ſhow you, me vill teacha you what you ſal doe; you muſt come kiſſa me now, you muſt come kiſſa me.

Dorc. [*Kiſſes him.*] As I live, my very Hang-Dog! I've diſcover'd him in good time, or he had diſcover'd me. [*Aſide.*]—Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I ſhall make myſelf a Cuckold preſently. [*Aſide.*]—Dis is not a propre Place, dis is too publick, for ſud any one paſs by while I taka dis Phyſick, it vill preventa de opperation.

Dorc. What Phyſick, Doctor?

Greg. In your Ear, dat. [*Whiſpers.*

Dorc. And in your Ear, dat, Sirrah. [*Hitting him a Box.*] Do you dare affront my Virtue, you Villain! D'ye think the

World ſhould bribe me to part with my Virtue, my dear Virtue? There, take your Purſe again.

Greg. But where's the Gold?

Dorc. The Gold I'll keep, as an eternal Monument of my Virtue.

Greg. Oh what a happy Dog am I, to find my Wife ſo virtuous a Woman, when I leaſt expected it! Oh my injur'd Dear! behold your *Gregory*, your own Huſband.

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm ſo full of Joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happieſt of Men, as thou art the moſt virtuous of Women.

Dorc. And art thou really my *Gregory?* And haſt thou any more of theſe Purſes?

Greg. No, my Dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in few Days I may have a hundred, for the ſtrangeſt Accident has happened to me!

Dorc. Yes, my Dear, but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that Accident; had you not beaten me this Morning, I had never had you beaten into a Phyſician.

Greg. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that Drubbing.

Dorc. Yes, my Dear, tho' I little dreamt of the Conſequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!——But huſh!

SCENE XIV.

GREGORY, HELEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great Doctor juſt come to this Town, ſo famous for curing Dumbneſs?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I ſhould be glad of your Advice.

Greg. Let me feel your Pulſe.

Hel. Not for myſelf, good Doctor; I am myſelf, Sir, a Brother of the Faculty, what the World calls a *Mad-Doctor*. I have at preſent under my Care, a Patient whom I can by no means prevail with to ſpeak.

Greg.

Greg. I ſhall make him ſpeak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great Reputation you have already acquir'd, and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in findingyou. You ſee that Woman there; ſhe is poſſeſs'd with a more ſtrange ſort of Madneſs, and imagines every Man ſhe ſees, to be her Huſband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your Houſe——

Hel. Moſt willingly, Sir.

Greg. The firſt Thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty Ounces of her Blood; then, Sir, you are to ſhave off all her Hair, all her Hair, Sir; after which you are to make a very ſevere Uſe of your Rod twice a day; and take a particular Care that ſhe have not the leaſt Allowance beyond Bread and Water.

Hel. Sir, I ſhall readily agree to the dictates of ſo great a Man; nor can I help approving of your Method, which is exceeding mild and wholſome.

Greg. [*To his Wife.*] My Dear, that Gentleman will conduct you to my Lodging.——Sir, I beg you will take a particular Care of the Lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my Power ſhall be wanting; you have only to enquire for Dr. *Helebore.*

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I ſee you, Huſband.

Hel. Huſband! this is as unaccountable a Madneſs as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with* Dorcas.

SCENE XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I ſhall be reveng'd of you now, my Dear.—So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good Apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, Faith, you're almoſt as good an Apothecary as I'm a Phyſician, and if you pleaſe I'll convey you to the Patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few Phyſical hard Words ——

Greg. A few Phyſical hard Words! why, in a few hard Words conſiſts the Science. Would you know as much as the whole

whole Faculty in an Inſtant, Sir? Come along, come along.—Hold, let me go firſt; the Doctor muſt always go before the Apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI. *Sir* Jaſper's *Houſe.*

Sir JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Sir Jaſp. Has ſhe made no Attempt to ſpeak yet?

Maid. Not in the leaſt, Sir; ſo far from it, that as ſhe uſed to make a ſort of a Noiſe before, ſhe is now quite ſilent.

Sir Jaſp. [*Looking on his Watch.*] 'Tis almoſt the Time the Doctor promis'd to return.

Sir Jaſp. Oh! he is here. Doctor, your Servant.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my Patient?

Sir Jaſp. Rather worſe, Sir, ſince your Preſcription.

Greg. So much the better, 'tis a Sign that it operates.

Sir Jaſp. Who is that Gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An Apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, I deſire you would immediately apply that Song I preſcrib'd.

Sir Jaſp. A Song, Doctor? preſcribe a Song!

Greg. Preſcribe a Song, Sir! Yes, Sir, preſcribe a Song, Sir. Is there any thing ſo ſtrange in that! Did you never hear of *Pills to purge Melancholy.* If you underſtand theſe things better than I, why did you ſend for me? Sbud! Sir, this Song would make a Stone ſpeak.—But, if you pleaſe, Sir, you and I will confer at ſome diſtance, during the Application; for this Song will do you as much harm as it will do your Daughter good. Be ſure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her Ears very cloſely.

AIR

AIR VII. Set by Mr. SEEDO.

Lean. *Thus, lovely Patient,* Charlotte *ſees*
Her dying Patient kneel;
Soon cur'd will be your feign'd Diſeaſe,
But what Phyſician e'er can eaſe
The Torments which I feel.

Think, ſkilful Nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure;
All other Remedies are vain;
The lovely Cauſe of all my Pain
Can only cauſe my Cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and ſubtle Queſtion among the Doctors, Whether Women are more eaſy to be cur'd than Men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you pleaſe.——Some ſay, No; others ſay, Yes; and for my part, I ſay both Yes, and No; foraſmuch as the Incongruity of the opaque Humours that meet in the natural Temper of Women, are the Cauſe that the Brutal Part will always prevail over the Senſible ——— One ſees that the Inequality of their Opinions depends on the black Movement of the Circle of the

Moon, and as the Sun that darts his Rays upon the Concavity of the Earth, finds ——

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my Opinion.

Sir Jaſp. My Daughter ſpeaks! my Daughter ſpeaks! Oh, the great Power of Phyſick! Oh, the admirable Phyſician! How can I reward thee for ſuch a Service?

Greg. This Diſtemper has given me a moſt inſufferable deal of Trouble.

[*Traverſing the Stage in a great Heat, the Apothecary following.*

Charl. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my Speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any Huſband but *Leander.*

[*Speaks with great Eagerneſs, and drives Sir* Jaſper *round the Stage.*

Sir Jaſp. But ———

Charl. Nothing is capable to ſhake the Reſolution I have taken.

Sir Jaſp. What!

Charl. Your Rhetorick is in vain, all your Diſcourſes ſignify nothing.

Sir Jaſp. I ———

Charl. I am determin'd, and all the Fathers in the World ſhall never oblige me to marry contrary to my Inclinations.

Sir Jaſp. I have ———

Charl. I never will ſubmit to this Tyranny; and if I muſt not have the Man I like, I'll die a Maid.

Sir Jaſp. You ſhall have Mr. *Dapper* ——

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the leaſt, not at all; you throw away your Breath, you loſe your Time; you may confine me, beat me, bruiſe me, deſtroy me, kill me, do what you will, uſe me as you will, but I never will conſent; nor all your Threats, nor all your Blows, nor all your Ill-uſage, never ſhall force me to conſent; ſo far from giving him my Heart, I never will give him my Hand; for he is my Averſion, I hate the very ſight of him, I had rather ſee the Devil, I had rather touch a Toad; you may make me miſerable any other way, but with him you ſhan't, that I'm reſolv'd.

Greg. There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her Tongue to a pretty tolerable Conſiſtency.

Sir

Sir Jaſp. Conſiſtency, quotha! why, there is no ſtopping her Tongue. —Dear Doctor, I deſire you would make her dumb again.

Greg. That's impoſſible, Sir; all that I can do to ſerve you is, I can make you deaf, if you pleaſe.

Sir Jaſp. And do you think ——

Charl. All your Reaſoning ſhall never conquer my Reſolution.

Sir Jaſp. You ſhall marry Mr. *Dapper* this Evening.

Charl. I'll be buried firſt.

Greg. Stay, Sir, ſtay, let me regulate this Affair; it is a Diſtemper that poſſeſſes her, and I know what Remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jaſp. Is it poſſible, Sir, that you can cure the Diſtempers of the Mind?

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you ſee that the Love ſhe has for *Leander* is intirely contrary to the Will of her Father, and that there is no time to loſe, and that an immediate Remedy is neceſſary: For my part, I know of but one, which is a Doſe of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two Drachms of Pills Matrimoniac and three large Handfuls of the *Arbor Vitæ*; perhaps ſhe will make ſome Difficulty to take them; but as you are an able Apothecary, I ſhall truſt to you for the Succeſs: Go, make her walk in the Garden: be ſure loſe no time; to the Remedy, quick, to the Remedy Specifick.

SCENE XVII.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY.

Sir Jaſp. What Drugs, Sir, were thoſe I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them ſpoke of before?

Greg. They are ſome, Sir, lately diſcover'd by the *Royal Society.*

Sir Jaſp. Did you ever ſee any thing equal to her Inſolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed ſometimes a little too head-ſtrong.

Sir Jaſp. You cannot imagine, Sir, how fooliſhly fond ſhe is of that *Leander.*

Greg. The Heat of Blood, Sir, cauſes that in young Minds.

Sir Jaſp. For my part, the Moment I diſcover'd the Violence of her Paſſion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wiſely.

Sir Jaſp. And I have prevented them from having the leaſt Communication together, for who knows what might have been the Conſequence? Who knows but ſhe might have taken it into her Head to have run away with him?

Greg. Very true.

Sir Jaſp. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing Girls; I think I have ſome Reaſon to be vain on that Head; I think I have ſhewn the World that I underſtand a little of Women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little Art requir'd; if this Girl had had ſome Fathers, they had not kept her out of the Hands of ſo vigilant a Lover as I have done.

Greg. No certainly, Sir.

SCENE XVIII.

Sir JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this Villain, this Rogue, this pretended Phyſician?

Sir Jaſp. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dorc. Oh, Sirrah! Sirrah!——would you have deſtroy'd your Wife, you Villain? Would you have been guilty of Murder, Dog?

Greg. Hoity, toity!——What mad Woman is this?

Sir Jaſp. Poor Wretch! for Pity's ſake cure her, Doctor.

Greg. Sir, I ſhall not cure her, unleſs ſomebody gives me a Fee.——If you will give me a Fee, *Sir Jaſper*, you ſhall ſee me cure her this Inſtant.

Dorc. I'll ſee you, you Villain.——Cure me!

AIR

AIR VIII. Set by Mr. SEEDO.

If you hope by your Skill
To give Dorcas *a Pill,*
You are not a deep Politician;
Cou'd Wives but be brought
To ſwallow the Draught,
Each Huſband would be a Phyſician.

SCENE XIX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, Sir! undone, undone! your Daughter is run away with her Lover *Leander*, who was here diſguis'd like an Apothecary — and this is the Rogue of a Phyſician who has contriv'd all the Affair.

Sir Jaſp. How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my Clerk bring Pen, Ink, and Paper; I'll ſend this Fellow to Jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good Doctor, you ſtand a very fair Chance to be hang'd for ſtealing an Heireſs.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I ſhall take my Degrees now.

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear Huſband?

Greg. You ſee, my dear Wife.

Dorc.

Dorc. Had you finiſh'd the Fagots, it had been ſome Conſolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my Heart.

Dorc. No, I'll ſtay to encourage you at your Death—nor will I budge an Inch, 'till I've ſeen you hang'd.

SCENE XX.

To them LEANDER, *and* CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that *Leander* whom you had forbid your Houſe, reſtores your Daughter to your Power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your Hands.——I have received Letters, by which I have learnt the Death of an Uncle, whoſe Eſtate far exceeds that of your intended Son-in-law.

Sir Jaſp. Sir, your Virtue is beyond all Eſtates, and I give you my Daughter with all the Pleaſure in the World.

Lean. Now my Fortune makes me happy indeed, my deareſt *Charlotte*.——And, Doctor, I'll make thy Fortune too.

Greg. If you would be ſo kind to make me a Phyſician in earneſt, I ſhould deſire no other Fortune.

Lean. Faith, Doctor, I wiſh I could do that in return for your having made me an Apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, ſo, our Phyſician, I find, has brought about fine Matters. And is it not owing to me, Sirrah, that you have been a Phyſician at all?

Sir Jaſp. May I beg to know whether you are a Phyſician or not—or what the Devil you are?

Greg. I think, Sir, after the miraculous Cure you have ſeen me perform, you have no reaſon to aſk, whether I am a Phyſician or no—And for you, Wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all Deference to my Greatneſs.

Dorc. Why, thou puff'd-up Fool, I could have made as good a Phyſician myſelf; the Cure was owing to the Apothecary, not the Doctor.

AIR IX. We've cheated the Parſon, &c.

When tender young Virgins look pale and complain,
You may ſend for a Dozen great Doctors in vain;
All give their Opinion, and pocket their Fees;
Each writes her a Cure, tho' all miſs her Diſeaſe;
Powders, Drops,
Juleps, Slops,
A Cargo of Poiſon from Phyſical Shops.

Tho' they phyſick to Death the unhappy poor Maid,
What's that to the Doctor——ſince he muſt be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our Doctor has brought you a Noſtrum *to-night:*
Never vary,
Nor miſcarry,
If the Lover be but the Apothecary.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Ladies, pray how goes our Doctor *down?*
Shall he not ev'n be ſent for up to Town?
'Tis ſuch a pleaſant and audacious *Rogue,*
He'd have a humming *Chance to be in vogue.*
What, tho' no Greek *or* Latin *he command,*
Since he can talk what none can underſtand?
Ah! *there are many ſuch Phyſicians in the Land.*
And what, tho' he has taken no Degrees,
No Doctor here can better take—his Fees.
Let none his real Ignorance deſpiſe,
*Since he can feel a Pulſe, and———*look *extremely wiſe.*
Tho', like ſome Quack, he ſhine out in News-Papers,
He is a rare *Phyſician for the* Vapours.
Ah! Ladies, in that Caſe he has more Knowledge
Than all the ancient *Fellows of the College.*
Beſides, a double *Calling he purſues,*
He writes you Bills, and brings you———Billetdoux.
Doctors, *with* ſome, *are in ſmall Eſtimation,*
But Pimps, all *own, are uſeful to the Nation.*
Phyſick now ſlackens, and now haſtens Death;
Pimping's the ſureſt way of giving Breath.
How many Maids, who pine away their Hours,
And droop in beauteous Spring, like blaſted Flowers,
Had ſtill ſurviv'd, had they our Doctor known;
Widows, who grieve to Death, for Huſbands gone;
And Wives, who die, for Huſbands living on;
Would they our mighty Doctor's Art eſſay,
I'd warrant he——wou'd put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware, ſhould once this Quack take Root,
I' gad he'd force you all to walk on Foot!

FINIS.